

UNITY

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Editorial.

At the Illinois Conference in Alton the meeting's climax was reached in the sermon by Mr. Bradley of Quincy, which was a magnificent plea for the ethical, rather than the theological consciousness in matters of religion. We hope soon to print his words.

We owe an apology to our eastern friends and readers for neglect to publish the programme of the late Ministers' Institute, the copy for which was temporarily mislaid until the sessions were over. We are glad to announce the early publication in our columns of Mr. Chadwick's address before the Institute.

In the election of Rev. J. L. Duncan of Sheffield as Secretary of the Illinois Conference, a man has been found, young, enthusiastic, skilled in singing and experienced in business methods. If the churches of the state believe in missionary work and want a missionary, here they have him, if they are willing to support him.

The scheme of Postmaster-General Wanamaker for a postal telegraph, is one that will recommend itself to a busy and hurried people. The social scientist must determine whether the rush and pressure of modern business methods is due to increased facilities of communication and transportation, or whether the latter are naturally evolved from the former. It will always be something of a disputed point in natural history whether the giraffe eats from the tallest trees because he has a long neck, or whether he gained the same, by gradual degrees, through that practice. The problem of cause

and effect is still harder to solve in social matters; but in any event a postal telegraph seems as essential a part of the business machinery of today as the telephone and type-writer. We hope Mr. Wanamaker will accomplish his and the people's desire.

It is said that the new Japanese parliament has a large proportion of young men among its members, some of whom are native Christians; which would seem to show that Japan has reached that desirable point in civilization when political preferment does not rest on theological belief. The spirit of church and state is slowly passing away.

REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, who was a former resident of Philadelphia, has written a letter to the secretary of the Republican committee, expressing his regret that he can not attend a meeting called to protest against the political leadership of the notorious Quay, and wishing the movement God-speed. The *Nation*, commenting on this, says we may now expect to see the same anxiety Tammany once betrayed about "the clergy soiling themselves with politics." It was this same Quay, or one of his compeers, who said that politics had nothing to do with the Decalogue or the Golden Rule; but the utterance of such a sentiment now shocks and disgusts the community that might once have noticed it only with a smile and shrug of the shoulder.

THE *Advance* is in a state of mild irritation over the proceedings of the American Board at its late session in Minneapolis, and speaks of the same in a tone of mingled irony and relief. "The meeting," it says, "was one to be as soon forgotten as possible. Since the Board felt the necessity of making a public exhibition of its grievances, Minneapolis was a good place in which to effect this airing, since 'the atmosphere is very pure in that region, and the frosts set in early.' The contradictory resolutions passed by the Board might indicate, the *Advance* adds, that the members did not know their own minds but a more careful interpretation finds in it a proof that they did not know how to quarrel. They were so eager for peace that when the disturbance had set in they were ready to vote for almost any resolution which would have a personally soothing effect." These last words seem to us to bear a slight application to affairs nearer home.

FOLLOWERS of Mr. Bellamy will find a sign of the growing popularity of the nationalistic theory in the recent message of Mayor Cregier concerning some needed improvements in the city. The Mayor's plan is comprehensive and minutely considered. He would not only enlarge the fire and police systems, do away with the bridge turning and steam railway crossings, but project a number of other reforms. He would inaugurate a new plan of street sprinkling, which should not leave whole neighborhoods to suffer from the caprice or greed of a single householder. In addition to lighting the streets he would have the city supply every house with steam heat, and indeed it is difficult to see why one is not as much a part of the

city fathers' business as the other. Then there should be more small parks and bathing houses, and finally the city should be thoroughly tunneled for the convenience of the workmen engaged in continual repairs on the numerous sets of pipes and wires running underground, and for the still greater benefit of the general public, which is daily suffering new and multiplied trials in the torn up pavements and disordered streets. All this, as we say, will be taken by our socialist friends as evidence of the growing favor of their peculiar theories, but we would not have a good thing defeated on such a ground. On the contrary we believe the socialists have taught us a good deal that is worth knowing, and will teach us more.

THE annual meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, held at the Art Institute last week was an interesting event. This was the first meeting held in the west, and ten or eleven colleges were represented. The Association exists not only to further acquaintance among its members by these annual reunions, but takes an active interest in all educational questions, and is in thorough sympathy with the progressive spirit of the times. Among its more immediate objects are two endowment funds—one for a year's term of instruction, for some young woman in a University, the other for a year's travel and study abroad. Among others present was Alice Stone Blackwell, the worthy and accomplished daughter of illustrious parents, well known as the junior editor of the *Woman's Journal*. It was much regretted that Miss Blackwell's stay in the city was so short. Mrs. L. H. Stone, whose efforts to place women on the faculty of teachers at Ann Arbor, is elsewhere spoken of, was also present in the interests of this movement.

PROFESSOR BORDEN P. BOWNE, the author of a work on Mental Science, and one of the few defenders of a system of pure metaphysics left to the present generation, contributes an article to a recent number of the *Independent* on "Cardinal Newman and Science" in which, after laying down the proposition that men differ less in their reasoning on the subjects of religious and philosophical belief than in the assumptions and postulates based thereon, and that therefore these differences are generally more sincere and legitimate than they often appear, he goes on to show that even science, which claims to rest only on "the majesty of fact," can not be judged on its plain merits. Along with every alleged discovery of science is presented a theory or explanation of the same that reaches far beyond the mere outward phenomena which it just set out to examine, and therefore at once arouses fear and opposition in minds already pledged to the support of another view. Viewing science thus on its merely phenomenal side, Prof. Bowne knows no reason why anybody should be alarmed at its progress, even a cardinal Newman, the church's representative, scholar and thinker. The argument here presented in favor of that double action of the mind which may pursue the study of geology with one set of faculties, yet fail to employ another to note any effect the evidences

of growth and time there gathered have on the first chapter of Genesis, is interesting, but contains a very plain fallacy. The "series of inferences" which Prof. Bowne says is built on every newly-discovered fact is correctly defined, perhaps, in one way, yet is itself also a fact, if only a fact of consciousness, and is, therefore, to be carefully examined and not lightly brushed aside as a mere phantasm. Nothing is more illogical than to speak of a scientific truth as a "mere fact," dissociating it from all rational conclusion and necessary connection with the general facts of human knowledge and experience. No man can be rationally explained and classified on the theory that he combines two distinct and warring individualities. Always, and in the main, one or the other will predominate. In Cardinal Newman, the scholar and man of mind gave way to the mystic and the dreamer. His most noted work, the "*Apologia*," was correctly named. From the time of his great recantation his attitude was one of defense and apology. That he was a great man was true, but it was the greatness of a noble but crumbling ruin.

MRS. LUCINDA H. STONE, of Kalamazoo, who a short time ago received an honorary degree from the University of Ann Arbor, we believe the first ever extended to a woman, has lately written an open letter to the Board of Regents, asking that women receive a place among the teachers of that institution. Reviewing the history of the college in respect to the admission of women as students, and her own connection with the first woman to enter the doors thus opened, Miss Madelon Stockwell, Mrs. Stone adds, "I now see and feel that an institution is not really co-educational until it is co-educating,—until men and women both and together form the teaching force and influence of that institution." We learn from the *Detroit Tribune*, in which Mrs. Stone's letter is published that a movement is on foot to secure an endowment fund sufficient to give the proposed experiment a fair trial. The object is most deserving, and no one could lend it greater dignity and worth than Mrs. Stone, whose life has been devoted to the interest of the higher education, and who in a ripened old age retains all the freshness of thought and moral enthusiasm supposed to belong only to youth.

An American Shrine.

Martyr places gather around them sacred significance and the halo of human reverence slowly, but their sanctity is sure. History finally discriminates between the superficial and the profound, and places lasting emphasis upon the right things. At the close of the Illinois Conference which convened at Alton last week, a dozen or so of the delegates took their seats in the street car that was drawn by leisurely mules out to the beautiful spot, which, with its deep ravine and green slopes, makes Alton's picturesque and attractive city of the dead. The pilgrims wended their way to the centre of a lot surrounded with neat stone curbing, where is a low granite block, on the top of which is a scroll of marble, in

imitation of a roll of newspaper on which is carved the words:

Hic Jacet
LOVEJOY
Jam Parce Sepulto.

This simple though fitting and eloquent monument is but recently put in place. For many years the spot was neglected, almost forgotten. Cattle and sheep grazed over it and tracked it with their footpaths. Only one faithful negro, touched with a sense of tender gratitude to this, one of the earliest martyrs to the freedom of his race, guarded the place and at last guided to the right spot those who would restore and preserve the humble tomb to posterity. Thomas Dimock, a St. Louis journalist, jealous for the freedom of the press, has lately called the attention to the neglected condition of the grave and raised the necessary funds to protect it and mark it as above indicated.

Elijah P. Lovejoy was a Presbyterian minister, and editor of the *Observer*, a religious paper published in St. Louis. After his office was destroyed in that city, because of his sympathetic utterances for the slave, he removed to Alton, in the free state of Illinois, here again he had two presses destroyed by the mob in succession, the fragments of the last thrown into the Mississippi river, and he was shot dead while, with a party of citizens, he was guarding the building where the third was stored. This occurred over fifty-three years ago, and was the event that brought Channing out as an open champion of the party of freedom. He headed the list that petitioned the city authorities of Boston to grant the use of Faneuil hall for a public meeting to consider the duties of the hour. The request was refused, popular sentiment rose higher, Channing appeared in the public press vindicating the call, which was repeated, and the hall was finally granted. At that meeting, after the Attorney-General of the State had asked whether "that man had not died as the fool dieth" Wendell Phillips reached the platform and flashed forth the first of the many mighty speeches for freedom that came from that voice of thunder. The same night at Faneuil hall, the spot where Lovejoy fell was declared to be a martyr spot, to be revered by coming ages. But as we have seen, it seemed to be forgotten, was utterly neglected of men. There is that however, which conserves the noble and will not let the good to be forgotten. Recently Mr. Dimock's pamphlet has been called for for use in the Chicago public school to help show American children the glowing spots in American history. No path is yet worn by pilgrim feet to this shrine of liberty on the Alton Bluff, but that path is sure to be made.

Was it not more than the fond affection of personal friendship that led the little band of pilgrims, alluded to above, to find their way around to the still fresh mound which makes the resting place of the worn body of Judson Fisher, an invincible defender of that higher liberty of mind and the untrammelled life of spirit so well known and so beloved by our readers? He also stood for the unpopular with a heroism that welcomed death rather than surrender. Was it not more than a fancy that there was some spiritual connection, subtle but real, between the stalwart battle which the martyr Lovejoy and his successors waged for the rights of a soul to its body and that other warfare for freedom which, claims the right of the devout heart to its intellect, the right of religion to a free mind? The little band of heretics whose annual session closed with this pilgrimage represented an organization that years ago pledged itself to the work of intellectual emancipation in the following words:

"We associate together as a religious fraternity, in the interests of liberal and advanced thought; our meetings to be so conducted as shall most directly conduce to our fraternal fellowship, our spiritual welfare and usefulness. We cordially invite to our fraternity all who would assist us in the advancement of truth, righteousness and love."

At this session, this band again in the "spirit of its past history," pledged itself to continued effort. Slower is the emancipation of mind than of body, more difficult the task of those who would liberate spirit than those who would break the shackles from manacled limbs. Lovejoy faced death, received neglect and was threatened with forgetfulness, but because he faced what was true, without thought of danger and fear of loss, his resting-place belongs not to Alton, but to America. The men and movements of that river town have come and gone. Important interests and sagacious schemes have been invented, flourished and forgotten, but the power of Lovejoy's broken presses remains. By him more than by any other man who has walked its streets, from the time it was a pioneer camp in the wilderness to the present day, when it is a prosperous and growing city, is Alton to be known and be made famous. This end has been reached not more by virtue of his death than of the spirit expressed in the speech, made in the days of the divine catastrophe, at a meeting called to consider whether the publication of the *Observer* should be longer permitted in Alton:

"I am impelled to the course I have taken because I fear God. As I shall answer to him on the great day. I dare not abandon my sentiments, or cease in all proper ways to propagate them. I am fully aware of all the sacrifice I made in here pledging myself to continue the contest to the last. I am commanded to forsake father and mother, wife and children, for Jesus' sake; and as his professed disciple, I stand pledged to do it. The time for fulfilling this pledge in my case, it seems to me, has come. Sir, I dare not flee away from Alton. Should I attempt it, I should feel that the angel of the Lord, with drawn sword, was pursuing me wherever I went. It is because I fear God that I am not afraid of those who oppose me in this city. The contest has come here, and here it must be finished. Before God and you all I have pledged myself to continue it, if need be, till death; and if I fall, my grave shall be made in Alton."

The Woman's Congress.

The Woman's Congress has just closed its eighteenth session in Toronto. It was the first time it had ever met in Canada and the cordial welcome it received bore English characteristics. The Mayor and the City Council invited us. The minister of Education, Mr. Ross, and the Inspector of Schools, Mr. Hughes, with lady delegates from various local societies made opening addresses at the reception. After that, the Congress progressed as usual. The Board meetings were held very early each morning. The Executive meetings from 10 to 12:30 followed them. At the latter were presented the reports from the vice-presidents of various states and from special committees. These morning meetings constitute the most valuable part of the Congress, for the reports presented are always special and condensed. They give facts, not theories, they tell just what advances have been made in education, philanthropy and sociology within the past year. The report from Illinois, outside of Chicago, stated among other items that a Protective Agency had been established at Peoria, that there were Women's Clubs at Springfield, Bloomington, Lincoln and Decatur. At the last place there is a co-operative house keeping society of fifty-two members, which has a co-operative dining room. The expenses per week are \$32.50, the income \$143.40; and as the regular expenses did not include food, the members must live well.

In the afternoons at Toronto Oct.

15, 16, 17, twelve papers were read and discussed. One of the best was by Mrs. Francis Parker whose husband is at the head of the Cook County Normal School, Illinois. Her subject was "The Need of More Pedagogy in Schools and Universities." Two papers, admirable in style and method, were given, — one by Mrs. Ellen Mitchell of Colorado, on "Ibsen's Plays," and the other by Miss Leonard of Washington, on "Women in Ancient Egypt." Mrs. Julia Ward Howe always presided with the graceful dignity which is so peculiarly her own.

When the Congress first began it was a notable proceeding. For many years it continued to be a unique spectacle to see women managing their own deliberations. Now so great advance has been made in women's work, that the Congress can claim pre-eminence only by virtue of its representative and peripatetic character. It is an El Dorado for middle-aged and older women and makes them forget they are no longer young. There is little hesitation in the manner of the speakers; each one rises simply, naturally, says what there is for her to say, without rhetorical display or nervousness, and then listens to another as calmly as if she had not to recover from the effects of her own courage. It is inspiring to belong to such an organization for it helps in keeping one broad-minded and thorough.

Toronto is a charming city. The buildings of its Department of Education, in which the business and afternoon meetings of the Congress were held, are spacious and beautiful, superior to similar buildings in the states. The school system has certain undeniable advantages over ours, for no one can teach until he or she has first received a "literary and non-professional training." Then the licenses given are graded. The result is that when students come to the Normal School proper, they already have received certain certificates of proficiency and have taught one or two years in schools of lower grade and therefore are prepared to appreciate the pedagogical training given at the Normal School for five months. Leaving there, again the licenses or certificates for teaching are graded. There are two Normal Schools in Ontario—one at Ottawa, the other at Toronto, where Mr. Kirkland is Principal. Associated with him is J. Carlyle, Esq., a nephew of Thomas Carlyle.

The Model School connected with the Normal School is eagerly sought by Toronto parents on account of its excellence. Tuition is limited to \$2 a month, but this is remitted in the case of children of Methodist ministers, because their fathers, preaching on a circuit, can not be actual citizens of Toronto,—a premium on Methodism.

Mr. Bowser, the pastor of the Unitarian society, has accepted a call to one of the Newtons in Massachusetts, for so greatly divided is the big city of Newton, that it is never quite safe to say where one there lives. His Toronto people lose him and his charming wife very unwillingly.

Mr. Hodges, the Unitarian minister at Hamilton, is doing most excellent work there.

By invitation of the Ladies' Ethical Club of Rochester, N. Y., of which Mrs. W. C. Gannett is President, the Congress will hold an adjourned session, October 21, in that city, when four papers will be read. There is to be a reception on the previous evening. All the arrangements for the two days have been made with great care and courtesy, and the Ethical Club will receive the gratitude of the Congress for the ability and thought which it generously shows and so richly deserves. K. G. W.

Men and Things.

HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR, a son of Walter Savage Landor, is an artist, and is traveling in Japan. He has already visited this country.

THE London Browning Society enters on its tenth season of work. The new secretary is Mr. E. E. Davis, 2 Wallace Road, Canonbury, London N.

WARD, the sculptor, whose statue of Greeley, was lately unveiled in New York, has also received commissions for the statues of Beecher, Conkling, and Sheridan.

A MILWAUKEE man is working on a new application of electricity by which, if perfected, an electrical mail carriage, working on the overhead principle, will carry the mails from one city to another at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

A WRITER in the *Christian Register* speaks enthusiastically of the new leader of the Boston Symphony organization, saying that while some conductors are made to wield the baton, Mr. Nikisch is born to that office; that he is a leader who "not only guides but kindles."

AN exchange speaking of the proposed monument Boston is to erect to John Boyle O'Reilly, calls attention to the fact that Massachusetts has never built a monument to Miles Standish, Cotton Mather, John Winthrop, Massachusetts, Jonathan Edwards, John A. Andrews, Hawthorne, Longfellow or Sumner. This is strange if true.

THE late Justice Miller was in favor of a scientific education, in place of classic training for the majority of boys, declaring that "the dead languages are unnecessary and impracticable for the average man, that they might do for rich men's sons of independent income and for others entering on a purely literary career, but were useless for boys who must make their own way in the world."

REV. DR. PARKER, the London preacher who for a short time expected to succeed Henry Ward Beecher as pastor of Brooklyn's Plymouth Church, is reported to have grown quite heterodox of late. He declares there are 1,800 too many clergymen in England, and that the country would be better off if the number could be cut down and sermons only preached every three months instead of every Sunday.

THIRTY arrests have been made in Russia in connection with a workmen's political movement. The prisoners have been secretly examined by the police department. In the interior others have been arrested charged with the manufacture of bombs. It is facts like these that both explain and make necessary the trained bodyguard of fifteen policemen which is said to constantly attend the Czar.

MONCURE D. CONWAY, in the *Open Court*, quotes from Professor Francis Newman the opinion that if theologians were compelled to set forth their creeds in poetical form there would be no such thing as religious controversy; and adds that this opinion has a noble illustration in the history of his brother's hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." Mr. Conway thinks that nine-tenths of the people who have joined in recent praise of the dead Cardinal knew him only by this hymn, and thinks it significant that its use as such was confined to Protestant churches, since it has never been printed in a Catholic hymn book. The hymn "owes its currency to the liberalism its author so abhorred."

THE following story is told of a distinguished member of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of the United States in connection with his recent visit to Oberammergau to see the Passion Play. He was accompanied by his chaplain, or secretary. They occupied the same room. Kneeling at their prayers it crossed the mind of the chaplain that it would not be well to make his orisons shorter than the Archbishop's, and he glanced over his shoulder to see if his superior was near an end. The Archbishop also, anxious not to scandalize his chaplain by the shortness of his prayers, glanced over his shoulder, and waited. The process was repeated several times. Both supplicants were very tired, and in time both fell asleep. They were found in the morning on their knees still, and sleeping.

THE New York *Sun* tells the following: "There is a Jew!" said the Rev. Dr. Blank, as he sat in his study with a Jew hater and pointed to a plaster cast of Michael Angelo's magnificent head of Moses. "And there is another Jew!" he added, as he pointed to a painting of the Veronica Christ. "And there are yet other Jews!" he continued, as he glanced around the walls at the pictures of the prophets, apostles, and sages, from David and Jeremiah to Paul and Peter. "Yes, my Christian brother, these are Jews, and are they not men who have voiced the highest thought of the world for ages, whose teaching is the guide of our life to-day, and who will lead mankind to the end of time?" The Jew hater had not taken full account of these things before hearing his pastor's impassioned words, which, however, set him thinking.

Contributed and Selected.

The Rustle of the Leaves.

Hear the rustle and the shiver of the leaves
As their branches lash the swiftly rushing
air!
Do they take the winds, O, think you, for
great steeds
That will bear them anywhere?
Are they grieving, can you tell me, when
the winds
Just go rushing on and leave them fastened
there?
Hear the rustle of the faintly stirring leaves
As the soft breeze lifts their edges, one by
one!
Could anything be sweeter, do you think,
Than this gentle little run
Up and down the long, true keyboard of the
trees,
When the soft breeze plays its sweetest for
the sun?
Hear the rustle of the tired autumn leaves
That have wrought and done their best
the summer thro'
Are they sorry, can you say, because the
end
Is very nearly due?
Are they quite content, I wonder, with their
lives,
With their purpose, to which all of them
were true?
Oh, the rustle, oh, the rustle of the leaves,
That everywhere and ever speak their
word!
If our souls would truly listen, do you think,
Their message could be heard?
Is there any sense so fine as to discern
What they try to tell us when their souls are
stirred?

—JUNIATA STAFFORD.

Margaret Fuller.

What can be said of Margaret Fuller that has not already been better said? Not only will her name always stand pre-eminent among women of literature, but in her lifetime she was the peer of the most illustrious men. The days of Margaret Fuller were the young days of Emerson, Alcott, Ripley and Parker. Her history is in great measure the history of that great tidal movement in American thought called transcendentalism. Mr. Frothingham in his work on that subject devotes a chapter to Margaret Fuller under the heading, "The Critic." He and Higginson concur in the opinion that the critical faculty predominated over all others. Margaret Fuller was critic, not in any narrow artificial fashion, but through the broad inclusiveness of her sympathies and genius. The last was as universal as it was free. She drank with delight from various springs of knowledge; poured over the German mystics, and reveled in the classics; was social reformer as well as lover of art and literature, devoted alike to humanity and mental culture. How often do we quote the words, "Early I learned that the only object in life is to grow." Mr. Frothingham says her power came from her faith in the spiritual capacity of man. Her mind refused to stay on the earth, amid sordid and worldly things, but dwelt continually in the realm of the intellectual. She demanded the highest of others as of herself. Behind individuals she saw the ideal man or woman, and addressed herself to that, measuring people by their highest possibilities, keeping every one true to his better self. Though much in her writings has lost interest and value to a later age, yet a glance through the printed pages of this remarkably gifted woman will show the truth of Higginson's remark, that American literature has widened its base since her time, but has reached no higher altitude of thought or artistic insight.

Among her literary criticisms none is of greater interest than that in which she expresses her opinion of Goethe. We may not agree with the judgments that pronounced the genius which created Faust high intellectual talent instead, destitute of deep moral insight, but other things she has to say show a deep and discriminating judgment. The picture of Goethe,

resting contentedly in the little court at Weimar, displeased Margaret, who compares him in this subject with Dante, the scorner of princes and palaces. She grants the greater genius to Goethe, but the larger soul is Dante's, proved, she thinks, by his capacity for suffering. Her remarks on Wilhelm Meister and Elective Affinities are appreciative and discerning. She discovers a likeness between Meister and Don Quixote, each passing through strange and unhallowed experiences up into the realm of pure wisdom. Higginson says that no one has ever compressed into one sentence a sharper analysis of this great writer than she did, in the words, "I think he had the artist's eye, and the artist's hand, but not the artist's love of structure." Of Shelley she speaks with a grateful enthusiasm; of Carlyle with evident distrust, not of his motive so much as of his judgment. "We know you do with all your soul love kings and heroes, Mr. Carlyle, but we are not sure you would always know the Sauls from the Davids." Emerson's essays she calls "strings of mosaics" missing in them that perfect unity which "produces on the mind the effect of a noble river, or a tree in full life." (The author is a "man of ideas" rather than the ideal man; a seer on the heights instead of a cosmopolite among men.)

Margaret Fuller was sincerely but not primarily interested in the social theories of the day. She had a genuine admiration for Fourier, but more for his philosophical insight and honesty of purpose than from confidence in his special schemes. Though a deeply interested spectator of the Brook Farm experiment and a frequent visitor to that small Utopia, she questioned its practical usefulness, and declined to join the fraternity Margaret Fuller's cow, that Hawthorne speaks of in his diary, as "leading all the rest of the herd," could therefore have been only a visiting cow, a friend of the family. "Utopia it is impossible to build up," she says,—"Margaret, not the cow,"—"My hopes for the race on this planet are more limited than those of most of my friends. I accept the limitations of human nature, and believe a wise acknowledgment of them one of the best conditions of progress." Though believing in social reform, and doing her utmost to carry out its principles she did not love the reformers themselves. She found the Fourierites in France dull and wearisome company, and disliked the crude fanaticisms of many of the early abolitionists, declining to affiliate with them. It was not until she was in Italy, assisting that unhappy country in her struggle for liberty, and where she met the Marquis Ossoli, whom she afterwards married, that she could speak of the anti-slavery agitators with patience, and admit that "seen at a distance they had a high motive, something eternal in their desire and life."

One of her best-known essays is "Women in the Nineteenth Century." It attracted much attention at the time it was written, but read now is found too long and discursive, the writer pausing to illustrate every point with lengthy anecdotes taken from classic and mediæval lore. She pleads for principles: "If principles could be established, particulars would adjust themselves. Ascertain the true destiny of woman, and give her legitimate hopes, and a standard within herself, marriage and all other relations would, by degrees harmonize with these."

Margaret Fuller's egotism was not denied by any of her friends, only differently explained and excused, according to the aspect under which each saw it. Channing said of her, "She had so large an ideal of her being, place and influence, that in the morning-hours and mountain-air of aspira-

tion her shadow moved before her of gigantic size upon the snow-white vapor." James F. Clarke said that if she possessed that kind of ambition which liked to excel others and gain fame and admiration he never knew it; while Emerson speaks of her as giving the impression of a "rather mountainous Me." The following sentences taken from her epitaph, admirably sum up her wonderful genius and career: "By birth a citizen of New England; by adoption a citizen of Rome; by genius belonging to the world. In youth an insatiate student, seeking the highest culture; in riper years, teacher, writer, critic of literature and art; in mature age companion and helper of many earnest reformers in America and Europe."

THE World's Fair managers are thus early confronted by the Sunday problem. We say, let it be opened on Sunday if on no other day in the week. Let the noisy machines and the industrial side be silenced, and instead, let all the religious systems, denominational organizations and educational schemes be heard on Sunday morning. Let the eager throng with bright and buoyant steps wend its way into the exposition grounds, where they will find a world's conference of religion, a pan-ethnic conclave of churches. Here every visitor may choose his preaching, anything from Christian science to a service conducted by eminent prelates of the church of Rome. Here let there be opportunity to listen to anything from a lecture on Protoplasm by Huxley or one of his eminent successors, to a Buddhist service or the simpler ritual of the Parsee. We would have the admission fee at half price that day, so that, if necessary to better control the audiences and give dignity to the assemblage within, a small admittance fee or some similar money arrangement could be exacted of the attendants. We would have the administration of the fair, instead of excluding everything in the way of religious teaching, invite everything; give all religious bodies ample room to build their tabernacles, and grant every opportunity to them to exhibit the religious activities of the world, subject only to such canons of good behavior and mutual accommodation as apply to all other exhibits and attendants. If the resident clergy in Chicago fail to fill their houses with willing worshippers and eager listeners on Sunday, let them close their churches and go to the fair grounds and speak there. The one thing above all others that will signify the prophetic attitude of this Fair and the land and era it celebrates is this high use it may make of the Sunday. The saloons and their kindred temptations will, we fear, in the main be "wide open" on Sunday. Let the seductions of the higher life, the temptations to thoughtfulness and to excellency, be also kept "wide open."

—Jenkin L. Jones, in Chicago Times.

Correspondence.

EDITOR UNITY:—A review in the Nation of The Early Diary of Frances Burney, calls attention to the fact displayed in that book, that the English man, and especially the English woman of to-day take life much more seriously than their forefathers. "The life of Miss Burney has in it an amount of color, of gayety, and of merriment which you will hardly find to-day in the lives of English ladies belonging to the same class as the Burneys. * * The color * * is heightened by the absence of a great deal of the dissatisfaction and self-searching which have grown up since the time when the world was delighted by "Evelina." "It is impossible not to

feel that Miss Burney and her friends were utterly free from the burden of being it heavy or light, of the sort of questioning which has grown up during the period of more than a century which has elapsed since the writing of Miss Burney's early diary."

The heaviest part of this burden to most women, I fancy, is the questioning about the ethics of everyday life. "I do not see what burden it is, or where the struggle comes in," says a man (an actual man this time). "A man decides what is right and goes ahead and does it." Ah, but it is not so easy to decide what is right for a woman who is trying to take the new place as an individual, which this generation is accorded, who is trying to find the exact amount of truth in both the old ideal of perfect renunciation and the new one of perfect development.

The purpose of this letter is to call attention to a little book called "Girls and Women," by E. Chester, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., which deals with the "duties of women" in a broader and finer way even than Frances Power Cobbe. Physical training, self-support, occupations for rich women, true culture, charity, home-making, emotional women, and many other subjects are treated in a thoughtful and, to me, wholly admirable and helpful way. It is a good book to help a young girl form an ideal. The dangers of self-sacrifice and other dangers that beset conscientious women, are well brought out. Such introspection as this seems to help us out of a more morbid self-searching. I often wonder whether we must not "have it out" with ourselves once for all—before we can "look out and not in."

It would be interesting to know more of the personality of the author than the simple signature, "E. Chester."

FLORENCE GRISWOLD BUCKSTAFF.

The Liver

When out of order, involves every organ of the body. Remedies for some other derangement are frequently taken without the least effect, because it is the liver which is the real source of the trouble, and until that is set right there can be no health, strength, or comfort in any part of the system. Mercury, in some form, is a common specific for a sluggish liver; but a far safer and more effective medicine is

Ayer's Pills.

For loss of appetite, bilious troubles, constipation, indigestion, and sick headache, these Pills are unsurpassed.

"For a long time I was a sufferer from stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, experiencing much difficulty in digestion, with severe pains in the lumbar region and other parts of the body. Having tried a variety of remedies, including warm baths, with only temporary relief, about three months ago I began the use of Ayer's Pills, and my health is so much improved that I gladly testify to the superior merits of this medicine."—Manoel Jorge Pereira, Porto, Portugal.

"For the cure of headache, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most effective medicine I ever used."—R. K. James, Dorchester, Mass. "When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more effective than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.

"I have found in Ayer's Pills, an invaluable remedy for constipation, biliousness, and kindred disorders, peculiar to miasmatic localities. Taken in small and frequent doses, these Pills

Act Well

on the liver, restoring its natural powers, and aiding it in throwing off malarial poisons."—C. F. Alston, Quitman, Texas.

"Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again."—A. J. Kiser, Jr., Rock House, Va.

"In 1858, by the advice of a friend, I began the use of Ayer's Pills as a remedy for biliousness, constipation, high fevers, and colds. They served me better than anything I had previously tried, and I have used them in attacks of that sort ever since."—H. W. Hersh, Judsonia, Ark.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Church Door Pulpit.

What Profit Should We Have:

A SERMON ON PRAYER.

BY FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

[Minister of Unity Church, Cleveland. Published by members of his congregation.]

What profit should we have, if we pray unto him?—*Job xxi:15.*

The question which the author of the Book of Job here puts into the mouth of the wicked, is not in our time confined to the wicked, but may be heard upon the lips of many good people. There are thoughtful and serious persons to-day to whom this subject of prayer is a perplexing problem; and who, having lost, as they think, all basis of it in their philosophy of nature and life, have no longer faith in its value and reasonableness. If there be such among you listening to me this morning, I shall not attempt to argue you into a belief in prayer. I should have little hope of success in any such attempt, even if I had far greater skill than I have. For I think that this whole problem of prayer, whatever arguments may be advanced as to its reasonableness, yet as taken up into different minds, resolves itself very much into a matter personal to each one of us. I mean that the question is colored in large measure by the private and personal nature of each one, by temperament, by inward life, so that the purely speculative view or philosophical argument is, of itself, only a part of that which makes us believe or disbelieve in prayer. Something of the same conditions we have in other things. Take, for example, the apprehension of beauty, whether it be in nature or in art. There have been philosophies of the beautiful, canons of taste, theories of aesthetics; yet in any study of these, or in their application to individual minds, we can easily see that much will depend on the mind itself. The personal factor here enters in largely. There is a wide field of exact and demonstrable knowledge wherein our temperaments, our inward life, what is most personal and peculiar in our experience, do not enter. Such are the truths of mathematics. The multiplication-table stands to us all in the same sharp and clear outline. There is another and different field of truth wherein the "personal equation" does and always will enter. There must be a true and a false here, we say, as tried by a perfect standard. Yet our judgments thereon always take something from ourselves, and are neither wholly built up nor wholly thrown down by argument, be it ever so clever and ingenious. So, it seems to me, is it in this belief or disbelief in prayer. For prayer, in any true sense, is a most personal act or movement of the soul; and from that deeper source within us will come no small part of our belief or disbelief, whatever be the theories of other people.

I would like here to say farther that I have no motive to defend prayer, as something that I am set to defend by pledge of my calling and office; as if this were a part of religion's special domain, any trespass upon which is by the preacher to be resented. The truth and reasonableness of prayer lie in human nature and not in any arbitrary dogma, or they lie nowhere. On such questions as this, suggestion and comparison are better than polemics, and none of us has any authority over another's thought and faith.

In approaching our theme, as suggested by the question of the text, this point may come first in order; namely, that all thoughtful men to-day, however they differ in their views, agree in this: that their idea of the scope of prayer has undergone great modifications from that of an earlier time. In this respect, however, prayer has only shared with all

other aspects and offices of religion; and religion itself has but shared with all other departments of human thought and life. It does not at all follow, therefore, that there is not a valid and permanent truth underlying all these modifications in the one case as in the others.

Not a little of the difficulty with which, to many persons, the reasonableness of prayer is beset, arises from their conception of what constitutes prayer; and therefore in any discussion of the subject we must have a right understanding here. Let us not confound prayer, in its essence and spirit, with any of its manifold forms and expressions, or with special theories about it which have been held in the past or may to-day be current. Let us go below all these. What is prayer in its source and spring? Let us ask that. And is it not in itself the felt want, the wish, the longing for somewhat, deep down in the human breast? Is not this the germ, the seed, the beginning of prayer, the real essence of it? Montgomery's familiar lines express the meaning:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

And here two points are to be emphasized and borne in mind in our discussion of this theme: (1) this desire or yearning as the primary fact in prayer; and (2) that this desire be sincere, be real, or else there is no prayer at all but only a form and make-believe. And so far as this definition goes, it may be said that prayer has always been in the world. Men have always prayed, will always pray, in this degree. The heart has its longings, human life its strivings. Desires both for outward and inward good play to and fro like shuttles in the breast of man, weaving the web of his life. There is not one of us here to-day who, within the meaning of the lines quoted, does not pray. All prayer starts from this, has this in common. It is well always in discussing a subject on which people differ, to begin with what is held in common by them.

Let us now pass on to the *direction* of this wish or desire,—not its object, this we will come to later,—but the power or agent towards whom it is directed. This may be a fellow-mortal like ourselves. So far as this fundamental idea of prayer goes, there is nothing to preclude its direction as a felt wish or desire towards human beings; and throughout our English tongue the word *pray* has been so used. "I pray you," in its shortened form, "prithee," has been a familiar form of human entreaty or desire. Again this direction may pass beyond visible companionship and rest in those who have either been with us here or have shared in the life we now live; as when the devout Catholic prays to Mary or Joseph, or the orthodox Protestant calls upon the name of Jesus; or in those less formal but not less genuine and sincere directions of yearning thought and affection, as where Burns, for example, pours out his passion to Mary Campbell in heaven, or where Renan in the tender and beautiful dedication of his *Life of Jesus* uses these words:

"To the pure spirit of my sister Henriette, who died at Byblus, Sept. 24, 1861.

"Do you remember, from your rest in the bosom of God, those long days at Ghaza, where, alone with you, I wrote these pages, inspired by the scenes we had just traversed? Silent by my side, you read every leaf and copied it as soon as written, while the sea, the villages, the ravines, the mountains, were spread out at our feet. In the midst of these sweet meditations Death struck us both with his wing; the sleep of fever seized on us both at the same hour. I awoke alone! You sleep now in the land of Adonis, near the holy Byblus and the sacred waters where the

women of the ancient mysteries came to mingle their tears. Reveal to me, O my good genius, those truths which master Death, prevent us from fearing, and make us almost love it."

Again, this "soul's sincere desire," which is true prayer, may take direction towards some ideal, conceived of the mind and made real to the imagination; as in Longfellow's familiar lines:

"Thou too sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee."

This too, is the essence of prayer, is it not?—the longing of a heart that loves country and what makes for country's good. Or this longing and desire may take larger direction than any I have yet mentioned, and go out towards that Power conceived of as in and over all life,—the postulate of all philosophy, even when affirmed as unknowable, the Force of science, the God of religion, the heavenly Father of Jesus and such as he, who interpret nature and life to us in terms of feeling as well as of abstract thought. And here we come to that more special aspect of our subject which to the general mind has monopolized the meaning of the word *prayer*. Yet here we see the essential feature, the felt want, the aspiration or desire, the same as in all the illustrations which I have given. And I have taken this way of approach in order to set in as clear a light as possible the entire humanness and naturalness of prayer in its origin and motive when taking this larger direction as well as in the other instances. So far there is nothing strange or supernatural involved in it. It is the free play of feeling and thought in the human breast.

So long as we contemplate prayer only from this human side and ask no farther, it presents no difficulties. We can all see, not only its reality, but its perfect naturalness and spontaneity. As I have said, within the meaning of Montgomery's lines we all of us pray. In all our souls continually there are "sincere desires, uttered or unexpressed." It is when we look at prayer from the other end, so to speak, and ask what is the real effect and how produced, that the difficulties arise. In other words, it is not so much the *fact* of prayer that perplexes us, as the getting at a clear and satisfactory *philosophy* of it. And so, I suppose, it will long be, and perhaps will always be. There are facts in both our material and immaterial life, whose processes we do not fathom, yet which have their ground in the nature and constitution of things. Here, one would say, denial no less than affirmation may well be modest and bear in mind Hamlet's caution that there are more things in heaven and earth than our human philosophies have dreamed of,—much less, measured and taken in.

But not to hide wholly in such refuge as this, which seems evasion of an issue fairly raised, whether or not it can be fully met, let us ask: What are proper objects of prayer and how does prayer have influence in their attainment or accomplishment? Here, as I have said, all thoughtful people agree to-day in this at least, whatever their faith or want of faith in prayer; namely, that men's ideas in these respects have undergone great modifications from those of an earlier age. In an earlier age, as to-day in stages of society representing the same grade of intelligence, there was practically no limit to the supposed scope and possible efficacy of prayer. Men prayed for rain, for example, with the same confidence with which they sought strength in their weakness or gave thanks in their joy. There appeared to them nothing incredible in Elijah's opening of the flood-gates of the skies by his prayer on Mount Carmel, or in the pausing of the sun in its daily

course in answer to the cry of Joshua. There was no conception of unity in nature and the government of the universe. Men prayed for private and personal good without a thought of what the answer to such prayers would involve to other private or public good; because they conceived of these things as being wrought not always by the same or like processes, wide-reaching in their sweep, but as suddenly and arbitrarily brought about by an act of will as partial and changeable as their own. There are survivals of such prayers in all our great liturgies, along with what is permanent and abiding in prayer; as for example, among the occasional prayers in the liturgy of the English church, those "for rain" and "for fair weather" and "in time of dearth or famine," and the like; though I suspect there are few men and women among our Episcopalian friends who, in repeating these prayers, expect that the order of the weather will be changed in response to their words. If it were to be so, it would be most damaging to our growing science of meteorology by introducing such incalculable elements; and I think it would excite a smile of incredulity upon the devoutest face to see in the morning paper: "For the Lower Lakes, falling barometer, lower temperature, with rain; cautionary signals at Detroit and Cleveland; but the bishops of the shore dioceses have ordered the prayer for fair weather to be read in all the churches under their charge."

But aside from this growing apprehension of an orderly method in nature, which has proportionately acted to modify our idea of the scope of prayer, and which has also modified the old-time disposition to see special judgments upon men in storm and flood and such phenomena of the physical world, singling out the individual suffers as victims of God's supposed displeasure,—aside, I say, from this growing perception of method by which intelligent study of this larger house we inhabit is made possible, there are other considerations that have acted upon men's earlier conceptions of the scope of prayer. Not only have we been coming into this idea of method and wide-reaching law, but in and by the coming into it, we have come also into the idea of its wisdom and beneficence; that under this ample providence, surpassing our human foresight and calculation, the interests of the universe as a whole are far better protected and cared for than they would be by frequent interferences and adjustments to pleasure our private plans, even were such action in our power. In other words man's scope of prayer, the intelligent and thoughtful man's, is limited in this direction not merely by a sense of the inutility of such prayer, but what is a far higher and nobler limitation, its essential impiety; its selfishness and want of finer trust. Certainly if men by their prayers could change the face of the sky, bring heat or cold, set in motion changes involving we know not what disturbance to others' interests both near and remote, it seems to me that none would dare to pray. We should all, in proportion to our unselfishness and good sense, decline the responsibility and leave it with the larger Wisdom. The man who interferes with the course of a stream, to the damage of those who have already proprietary privileges upon it, is made liable in law. But what confusion would prayer, on the basis of such a theory, introduce into our legislation and courts of law, wherein each one is continually upsetting the stable order to pleasure his supposed individual good or gain!

But turning from this wholly external application or direction of prayer, with its many possible illustrations from which I have taken but one or

two, we come to the province of inward things. "Looking around for other standards wherewith to measure the progress of the knowledge of divinity," says Dr. Brinton in his *Myths of the New World*, "prayer suggests itself as one of the least deceptive. . . Originally it was connected with the belief that divine caprice, not divine law, governs the universe, and that material benefit rather than spiritual gifts are to be desired. The gradual recognition of its limitations and proper objects marks religious advancement. The Lord's Prayer contains seven petitions, only one of which is for temporal advantage, and it is the least that can be asked for. What immeasurable interval between it and the prayer of the Nootka Indian on preparing for war: 'Great Quahootze, let me live, not be sick, find the enemy, not fear him, find him asleep, and kill a great many of him.' " And he instances other prayers which he considers "fair specimens of the lowest religion." And truly there is a wide difference between the grades of religious attainment here illustrated.

But however spiritual the blessings or objects desired in prayer, the difficulties which beset the problem do not all vanish. People are becoming willing to shut off much of the operation of the natural world from the scope of efficacious prayer. I suppose that no thoughtful man would seriously pray to-day that the young orchard which he has set out should grow to maturity the first season, or that the broken arm or leg on the morrow should be knitted together and entirely strong. But the range of spiritual desire and gift is by many supposed to be free from all these perplexities. Here there is liberty from this bondage of law. Here surely the bestowment may be made in answer to the asking. But is it really so? Is it only in the physical world that there is method and order, cause and effect? Are there not spiritual laws as well as material, pertinent to the soul as a denizen of the spiritual realm? Is not all arbitrary will discovered to be as contrary to the inherent order here as in the material world? What has caused the growing rejection, for example, of the doctrines of Adam's guilt imputed to you and me, of Jesus' righteousness transferred to the sinner, or of his supposed punishment in place of guilty men and women, but this same recognition of spiritual laws just as sure, just as active as the law of gravitation, and by which the private virtue or guilt of one soul can not be so transferred by an act of mere arbitrary will, even though dignified with the name of divine decree? And as we are led to this thought of law in the spiritual realm no less than in the material, we discover that virtue of whatever sort can no more come as an arbitrary bestowment from without, in answer to the mere asking for it, than can the rain fall from heaven or the sun halt in its daily course in like response. The man who in a formal and perfunctory way says, "Make me good; make me truthful; make me generous and just," and thinks these traits are to be bestowed upon him simply for such asking, is as much deceived as—nay, let us say that he is worse deceived than,—the savage who thinks to change the order of nature through some offering made to his divinity. What then? Is there no way out for us to firm ground? Yes, I think there is; and the more frankly we confess all this delusion and false conception of prayer, the sooner we shall find our feet upon such ground. We need not fear for the issue as to true prayer. The fact is,—and to this point we are now brought in our discussion,—there is a deal of stuff that is called prayer, which is not prayer at all but only a

supposed charm by which some blessing or advantage is to be magically wrought. And it seems to me that we can trace the way in which this magic view of prayer has come about in all ages, to-day as well as in the past. I have emphasized the felt want, the inward desire, as the primary fact in prayer; and I have also emphasized its thorough naturalness. And so, naturally, out of this desire recognized as a common element in men, there have grown up forms and acts in which this desire has expressed itself. Such are the great liturgies of the world, voicing the cry of the common heart in

"Words that have drawn transcendent meanings up
From the best passion of all bygone time,
Steeped through with tears of triumph
and remorse."

But this outward expression was not the prayer, but at best only the imperfect symbol of it. The prayer lay in "the soul's sincere desire," where ever more it lies and must lie. But lo, men come to take the symbol for the prayer itself, and with or without this "sincere desire" they think that the mere use of the symbol is of itself going to work some efficacy; which of course it can not, except to mislead and confuse the mind. For what would it profit a man, for example, if he were to repeat the Lord's Prayer morning, noon and night, week in and week out, to the year's end, and all the while never once really desired that the kingdom come, that the perfect will be done; never once really desired to forgive the wrongs done him, to be kept in temptation, and to be saved from evil? Nothing. Nor would it be real prayer at all, not a whit more than the multiplication-table or a column of the census report upon his lips would be prayer. And on the other hand, if he were to go out and in each day cherishing these desires and aspirations consciously in his breast, though no words voiced them upon his lips the long year through, would they not still be in him prayer, and most real prayer? And do we not all of us believe, do we not all of us feel sure, that those sincere desires would have their answer in a character and life nobler and better than else these had been?

"Life loveth life and good; then trust
What most the spirit would, it must;
Deep wishes, in the heart that be,
Are blossoms of Necessity."

"A thread of Law runs through thy prayer,
Stronger than iron cables are;
And Love and Longing toward her goal
Are pilots sweet to guide the soul."

So has said or sung one of the freest and one of the most devout minds of our time. And an old German poet and mystic has voiced the same truth in his verse:

"Whatso'er thou lovest, that become thou must;
God, if thou lovest God,—dust, if thou lovest dust!"

We are all of us living not from our abstract thought but from our desires, our real longings and loves. These are fashioning our lives into shapes of beauty or deformity. O, these prayers that men and women are carrying about secretly in their hearts, for good or for evil, for the healing or hurt of their souls! They follow them whither they go, along the street, at business, in society; move within them in their homes, accompany them to the church on Sunday, making harmony or strange discord with the words upon the lips in hymn and uttered symbols of prayer.

But it may be said by those who have followed me with assent thus far, that I have still evaded the most difficult feature in this problem of prayer; that all along I have been keeping to this end of the line, so to speak, and have not shown whether

the other end is held in unseen hands, or is only doubled back upon us as we inwardly pray. In other words is there aught in our prayer's answer but its reaction upon ourselves? If there be not, I should still say there can hardly be question as to the value of noble prayer; the prayer of holy longing and high purpose, setting in motion the wheels of effort and keeping rhythm with our striving towards the goal of attainment. If there be not,—if there be not? But who may affirm that there is not? Or who will confidently declare that that poor phrase "reaction upon ourselves" covers all the fact? An old hymn speaks of the power of prayer

"Which soars on high,
Through Jesus to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down."

And a very mechanical conception of prayer it is, suggestive of cranks and cog-wheels and gearing, and which, in the action of Life upon life, hinders instead of helping our thought. Vaster and grander as well as infinitely truer, that conception of Paul's, current coin for all time: "above all, and through all, and in us all." Yes, in us all. For of this Life, which yet is not ourselves, the deepest thought of to-day and of the past says that it is no more without us than within. And if I, a thinking, feeling, struggling life, am held in this intimate relation and bound to the Life whence I am, then my longing and faithfulness may open in me larger receptivities and fresh upspringings of power, for which "reaction upon myself" seems indeed a weak and inadequate and altogether cheap and unsatisfactory phrase.

I thought to speak of the symbols of prayer, that is, of the forms of words that voice the inward prayer in the private closet or in the public meeting. But already my sermon is long. This, however, let me urge,—that they are symbols only and are so to be regarded. Scientists tell us that out of many hundreds of seeds or spawn or germs but one or two ever come to maturity. So I have sometimes thought of these phrasings of our prayers. Only rarely do the desire and aspiration come full-rounded upon the lips, the vision full-orbed to the upward gaze. Not always do time and place and our private and public mood strike in tune. But let us judge prayer by its highest and best, not by its lowest. Lowell says, in his fine poem of *The Cathedral*,

"I
Thrice in my life perhaps have truly prayed,
Thrice, stirred below my conscious self,
have felt
That perfect disenthralment which is God."

Haply we can each of us say as much. And if in private or public hour, in the silence of solitude or touched by finer force of sympathy amid the worshipping throng, we once have known such experience, then for us prayer and its symbols will have meaning and value.

Let me in closing my sermon upon Prayer, touch more strongly what has once or twice come to the surface in the course of my thought; and that is, the sense of communion into which the soul is lifted with the direction of its longing and desire, and which, apart from all specific answer to our yearnings, is itself the riches of sincere prayer. To go back to the illustrations already used: In the devout Romanist's call to Mother Mary, in the Orthodox Protestant's like address to Jesus, helper and friend, or in Burns' yearning towards Highland Mary in heaven, and in Renan's lifting up of his brotherly heart to the loved sister amid her "rest in the bosom of God,"—there is a freshening of the affections, a renewal of felt relationship, as real to thought and feeling as to the outward sight and

touch the bodily form in space. And in larger way, in the call to God our life is taken up into conscious relationship with the Highest and new girt with strength and joy. Those eastern mystics knew how to put this in parable:

"Allah, Allah!" cried the sick man, racked
with pain the long night through;
Till with prayer his heart was tender, till
his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the tempter; said,
"Call louder, child of pain!
See if Allah ever hear, or answer, 'Here
am I' again."

Like a stab, the cruel cavil through his
brain and pulses went;
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain
a darkness, sent.

Then before him stands Elias, says "My
child! why thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy
soul of prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often;
never heard the 'Here am I';
And I thought, God will not pity, will not
turn on me his eye."

Then the grave Elias answered, "God
said, 'Rise, Elias, go,—
Speak to him the sorely tempted; lift him
from his gulf of woe."

"Tell him that his very longing is itself an
answering cry;
That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!'—
is my answer, 'Here am I.'"

Every inmost aspiration is God's angel
undefiled;
And in every "O my Father!" slumbers
deep a "Here, my child."

The Grateful Spirit.

A Grateful Spirit. By James Vila Blake. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. \$1.00.

A book helpful to the life of both old and young, such I find this to be the latest volume of Mr. Blake's. It is a book of sermons, but of no merely conventional sort. There is little theology in it, though much religion, in the best sense of the word. The prevailing tone of the book, however, is ethical; not that we have here any fine-spun theories of morals, but rather practical helps for the emergencies of life. There is nothing of didactic assumption about Mr. Blake's preaching. He does not talk down to his people, but takes each personally by the hand, saying, "Let us seek together for the well-springs of noble living."

There is, withal, an inspiring optimistic quality in these discourses which renders them a good antidote for the pessimism which is so rampant nowadays in verse and fiction, and which even finds its way at times into the modern sermon. It is evident that Emerson has been one of the chief helpers of Mr. Blake's thought, and it is, perhaps, in part to his hopeful inspirations that the author of "A Grateful Spirit" owes his own optimistic view of life. Optimism is synonymous with health, life, vitality. Pessimism is the outcome of a dyspeptic, jaundiced tone of both mind and body. It is no quiescent, self-satisfied, inert optimism however, that Mr. Blake inculcates, but the optimism of courage and hope, conscious of human and societal imperfections and needs, and courageous to grapple with prevailing evils.

The style of Mr. Blake's discourse is original and attractive—attractive chiefly for its simplicity and directness, for a lucidity of expression which manifests clearness and integrity of thought. Sometimes he falls into a quaint style of phraseology, no less simple and direct than his ordinary style, which holds the attention, and is impressive in its force and earnestness. It would not be difficult to cull a bouquet of proverbial gems and sententious statements of truth from this single volume—sentences which will stand alone, each by itself, and become the seed-thoughts for future reflection. Take such sentences as these, for example, culled almost at random from different discourses:

"There is no great ill in life, except the bad way in which we take the ill."

"To be at peace with things is to be at peace with God."

"Idleness is beggary toward God."

"Religion never was finished, but always is finishing."

"One step at a time is religion."

"I hold it bad to be a babbler of religion."

"Only one who loves what is, will have a clear sight of what ought to be."

"Simple honesty is brimming with beauty."

"Labor is life, and not to strive and put forth by strength were death."

"Faithfulness is the true greatness."

"Society rests on conscience, not in science."

"Civilization is first and foremost a moral thing."

"Selfishness eats away gratefulness."

"Whoever is striving constantly against the wrong he does will have no time to busy himself about the wrongs he receives."

"Intelligence is widened by sincerity of moral aim."

"Tender lovers are true seers."

"Old age is the fruit of life."

"A mean deed is always in the way, always tripping up some one, always half showing its face, then hiding again to peek out from some other corner."

"The human voice is sweeter than all instruments of music, being vibrant with soul."

Occasionally, in reading this book you come across a sentence which, were it in quotation-marks, you would refer to some Persian or Oriental Scripture, so fine is its thought, and so poetic its imagery. Take these as examples:

"Drink deep of the earth's beauty, and fall asleep on that innocent wine: thou wilt dream perfection."

"To know that we ought to speak the truth is a greater thing, and worth more, than all the stars together."

"The only justification of my loving any one person, is that it is a little focusing of a great, wide, human love; for otherwise private affections are simply a miser's goods."

The discourses that many will find particularly helpful, are the one which gives its title to the book, "The Riches of Life," "Faithfulness," "A Cure All," "Sacrifice," and "Old Age." I do not mean, however, by this selection to discriminate against the others. The discourses on "Yahweh in the Bible," and "Jesus of Nazareth" admirably exemplify the capacity for helpfulness in the ancient Scriptures under the interpretations of the higher criticism. It would be possible, now and then, to question some of Mr. Blake's philosophical ideas and inferences drawn therefrom, but the tone and temper of the book are so wholly admirable, its spirit and method so rational and helpful, that this were an ungracious task. Let all read and judge for themselves.

L. G. J.

Notes from the Field.

An Appeal for Help.—During the eight years that the Tuskegee Normal School has been in existence, the students have built with their own hands eight buildings, whose aggregate value is \$60,000. Besides they cultivate this year 250 acres of land, and operate twelve industries, viz., brickmaking, brickmasonry, plastering, blacksmithing, wheelwrighting, sawmill works, carpentry, painting, printing, shoe-making, harness making, tinsmithing, laundrying, sewing, cooking and general house-work. This they do in addition to keeping up their regular class-room work, in which the requirements are severe and exacting. At present, there are over 400 students in school, (four-fifths boarders) and admission is refused to many almost every day for lack of room. They work out at the industries mentioned, \$3 out of \$8 charged for board, and pay the remainder in cash, but are wholly unable to pay the \$50 a year, the cost of their teaching. Is it asking too much that students, who have erected their own building, and are now working out their board, should have help in paying their tuition? As the result of the training received here, we can point to many places in Alabama and the south where our graduates have built school-houses and churches, extended the school term from three months to six and seven, set the people to buying homes, and in a word reformed whole communities. Will not individuals, Sunday-schools and churches help us to continue this work? BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, *Prin. Tuskegee, Ala.*

Sheffield, Ill.—The year's programme of Unity Club is divided into four sections, Social, Study, Literary and Dramatic. The Study section takes a course in Emerson, following the outline of study by W. C. G., in UNITY, November 30, 1889. The chairman of this section is the minister, L. J. Duncan. The programme announces thirty-four meetings in all, including five lectures as follows: "The Life-history of Morning-glory," by Prof. C. R. Barne, of Wisconsin University; "Piano-Porte Lecture-Recital," given by Prof. E. B. Perry, of Boston; "Mathew Arnold and Culture," by Prof. E. B. Anderson, of Iowa University; "Art" (with stereopticon illustrations), by Prof. George P. Brown, of Bloomington; "Musical Illustrations of Shakespeare," by Mrs. A. B. McMahon, of Quincy. This outline of club work indicates a thoroughness of preparation that must lead to interesting and profitable meetings.

We learn also that the basement of the Unitarian church, heretofore known as "Independence Hall" is to be remodeled and refurbished and converted into a parish library, the result, largely of the munificence of one friend in the parish, who also contributes a hundred dollars for the purchase of books, truly a thing to gladden the heart of the pastor and to inspire the people of Sheffield with new interest and delight in the work of their church.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer has given a course of three Sunday Evening Readings in Unity Church, entitled "Sermons in Stories." 1. "Citizenship and What we Owe It": as shown in the story of "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale. 2. "The Example of an Unselfish Life": as shown in the story of "Miss Toosey's Mission." 3. "The Power of a Grand Ideal": as shown in the story of "The Great Stone Face," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Accompanying the announcement was the following explanatory word:

It will be the object of this course, while varying the order of the evening service from that of the morning, to give to all who shall attend a pleasant and profitable hour, in keeping with the beneficent day of outward rest and inward renewal. Each reading will be followed by brief remarks upon the moral lesson, the "sermon" in the story. The story, where need is, will be abridged in the reading, but without break in connection or loss of any essential part. The sittings at these evening services will all be free. * * * The singing will be congregational, led by the choir. A collection will be taken at each service, giving opportunity to contribute to the support of the church, —the widow's "mite" or the rich man's "much."

Topeka, Kan.—A recent daily received at this office, contains the report of a sermon preached in Unity Church, by the pastor, Rev. W. G. Todd, called out by some criticisms on his discourse of the preceding Sunday, discussing the relative importance of Religion and Morals. The following is an extract:

Religion is not superior to morals, but precedes morals by a natural law, the law by which any desire in our mind precedes the action of the muscles of our body that express that desire. Both religion and morals represent a process that has but one aim—the harmony of the universe in one central, intelligent principle of unity. Religion is valuable because of its consciousness of appeals that urge us to come into this harmony. Morality is valuable because of its endeavor to realize this harmony in life; the latter occupies the position of dependence, but does not thereby receive the stamp of inferiority as regards value.

Dubuque.—The death of Hon. Austin Adams, ex-chief justice of the Iowa Supreme court, brings a recognized loss to the legal profession of the west, and to the ranks of progressive thinkers. Judge Adams was an old resident of Dubuque, and one of its most public-spirited citizens. His ability and integrity in his chosen profession will long remain remembered. A writer in the local press says that "his ethics were touched with the austerity of stoicism." Judge Adams and his accomplished wife, Mary Newberry Adams, were co-workers in many of the progressive movements of the time, and the latter, with her children, will receive the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

From Over the Mountains.—Herman Hauge-ried has been invited to take charge of the Unitarian Church at Puyallup for three months. Napoleon Hoagland has begun the work of reviving the Unitarian Society at Olympia. He has been received with much enthusiasm and the prospect is bright for the future. The society has sold for \$3,000 the old lots; it will buy cheaper lots and build at once.

—Rev. Martha Aitken has gone to Fairhaven to organize the Unitarians on Bellingham Bay. This work was begun by Mr. Copeland, and the prospects are good for a strong society.

La Porte, Ind.—We are glad to print the following from La Porte: "We had, last week, a delightful lecture by Mr. Sidney H. Morse. Young and old are talking of the man and his work, while the exquisite sketches he scatters so generously are exhibited in all hands. Mr. Morse's lectures are not merely entertaining by the impromptu illustrative work in clay and with crayon, but he gives one the philosophy of his art from the standpoint of his inspiring idealism. The practical suggestions to artists along that line are no less helpful to workers in all fields."

Denver, Col.—The Women's Auxiliary Conference of Denver, of which Mrs. A. G. Rhoads is president and Mrs. S. A. Eliot, corresponding secretary, has issued its programme of meetings to be held in the lecture room of the Church on the first Wednesday of each month, beginning October 1, and ending May 6. The subjects announced are "Unity of Liberal Thought," "The Religion Taught by the Poets," "What is Inspiration?" "Philanthropy of Unitarians," "Religion in Schools," "Science versus Theosophy," "Rachel Armstrong," "What is Ethical Culture?"

Englewood.—The *Messenger*, published every Saturday by the First Universalist Church of Englewood, Rev. Florence Kollock, pastor, announces a "Progressive Lecture Course," under the Social Science Club and the Equal Suffrage Club. A recent lecture by Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, on "Law and Justice," was made the subject of an evening discussion in the club. The next lecture will be given by A. H. Heine-mann, of Englewood, on "Looking Backward."

Buda, Ill.—The Unity Club programme of 1890-91 announces seventeen fortnightly meetings for the season, under the direction of Prof. F. E. Lark. The members of the executive committee are Clara D. Evans, C. Z. Chase, and the pastor, L. J. Duncan. This programme offers quite a feast of varied attractions.



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Fri.—The truths we least wish to hear are those it is most to our advantage to know.

Sat.—The end of punishment is to make an end of punishing.

—Mills' *Gems of the Orient*.

What is Good?

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer.

Spake my heart full sadly;
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Princess Leona.

She was a dainty, blue-eyed golden-haired darling, who had ruled her kingdom but four short years, when the events in our history occurred. Very short the four years had seemed, for the baby princess brought into the quiet old house such a wealth of love, with its golden sunshine, that time had passed rapidly since her arrival, as time always does when we are happy and contented.

Our little princess did not owe her title to royal birth, but to her unquestioned sway over those around her; a rule in which was so happily blended entreaty and command, that her willing subjects were never quite sure to which they were yielding. But of one thing they were sure, which was that the winning grace of the little sovereign equalled their pleasures in obeying her small commands, and the added fact,—a very important one,—that this queen of hearts never abused her power.

No little brothers nor sisters were numbered among the princess' retainers, but she had had from her babyhood an inseparable companion and playfellow in Moses. Now Moses was a big brown dog who, like his namesake of old, had been rescued from a watery grave, and it chanced that baby-girl and baby-dog became inmates of the quiet old house about the same time. But the dog grew much faster than the little girl, as dogs are wont to do, and was quite a responsible person by the time Leona could toddle around. When she was old enough to play under the old elm tree, Moses assumed the place of protector of her little highness, and was all the body-guard the princess needed, for he was wise and unwearied in his endeavors to guard her from all mishaps. But, although Moses felt the responsibility of his position, he did not consider it beneath his dignity to amuse his mistress, and so they played together, baby and dog, shared their lunch together, and frequently took their nap together of a warm afternoon, the golden curls of the little princess tumbled over Moses' broad, shaggy shoulder.

One day when Leona was about four years old an event occurred in her life that seemed for a time to endanger the intimacy between the little girl and her four-footed friend, and caused Moses considerable anxiety. It was a rainy morning and she could not play under the trees as usual, so

she took her little chair and climbed up to the window to see if the trees were lonesome without her. Something unusual going on in the house next door attracted her attention and her disappointment was soon forgotten. No one had lived in the house since the little girl could remember. Now the long closed doors and windows were thrown wide open, and men were running up and down the steps. She was puzzled to know what it could all mean, and kept her little face so close to the window, and was so unmindful of Moses, that he felt quite neglected and lonely.

The following morning was warm and bright and the little princess and her attendant were playing under the trees again. Moses was so delighted in having won the sole attention of his little mistress and played so many droll pranks that Leona shouted with laughter. In the midst of her merriment, she chanced to look up, and saw peering through the paling a pair of eyes as bright as her own, dancing with fun and evidently enjoying Moses' frolic quite as much as the little girl herself. The bright eyes belonged to a little boy about Leona's age, whose name was Jamie, and who had moved into the house that had interested her so much the day before.

Now our little princess in her winning way claimed the allegiance of all that came within her circle, and so confidently ran over to the fence to make the acquaintance of her new subject. Jamie was quite willing to be one of her servitors, and although they were separated by the high palings they visited through the openings all the morning, and for many mornings after, exchanging dolls books, balls, and strings, and becoming the best of friends. This new order of things was not quite satisfactory to Moses, who felt he was no longer necessary to Leona's happiness. He still kept his place close beside her, and tried to be as entertaining as possible. But do what he would he could not coax her away from her new-found friend, and all the merry plays under the old elm tree seemed to have come to an end, but Leona was not really ungrateful to her old playfellow. She was deeply interested in her new companion and for the time somewhat forgetful of Moses, which is not much to be wondered at, when we remember what great advantage over Moses Jamie had in one thing. He could talk with Leona and Moses could not. But although the dog's faithful heart ached at the neglect of his little mistress, he did not desert his place of protector, but watched and guarded the princess while she and her friend prattled on all the long bright days, quite unconscious of his trouble.

One afternoon Leona's happiness reached its highest point. Her mother had been watching the visiting going on through the fence, and saw Leona's delight in her new companion, so unknown to her, she wrote a note, asking that Jamie be permitted to come into the yard and play under the elm tree. When Leona saw Jamie coming up the walk, in her own yard, her delight knew no bounds. She ran to meet him, and dolls and buggies and carts and everything she prized was generously turned over to her visitor. How quickly the afternoon passed. Moses was as happy as the children themselves—for if he could not talk he could at least bark, and now they were altogether under the tree, his troubles were forgotten and which were the happier, children or dog, it were hard to say. So with merry play, the beautiful day came to a close. The sun was sending up his long golden beams in the west. Jamie was called home, and Leona came into the house. The tired little eyes were growing drowsy and the soft curls drooped over the nodding head

The Sunday-School.

(See No. XX., W. U. S. S. Soc'y Publications.)
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VIII. HOW TOOLS GREW.

(A) Tubal-Cain, the fabled father of artificers. Gen. iv. 22. Can you find stories of other tool makers, men of skilled hands, like the canoe-maker in Hiawatha? ("Hiawatha's Sailing," Sec. vii.)

The story of Tubal-Cain is written in the same spirit as the story of Eden. The author has no sympathy with modern inventions. He does not believe in social progress. The old times with their simpler mode of life were better than these. It was a descendant of Cain, the murderer, who invented tools. And the possession of tools made men more haughty and cruel. Relying upon the aid of these new weapons, Lamech could swear more than a sevenfold vengeance on his enemies. (Verses 23 and 24.) There is a touch of this feeling in Carlyle's brilliant paragraphs on "Man a Tool-using Animal." (See "Sartor Resartus," Book I. Chapter V., and note the satire on civilization in the last sentence.) Our Genesis story is clearly wrong. If we were to throw away the improvements of modern life and go back to the condition of primitive man we should find ourselves not the occupants of Eden but those troglodytes that we learned about in our last lesson, eating and eaten by the bears and lions that shared their caves with men of the olden time. On this point Classic mythology is truer than Hebrew. Hephaistos, or Vulcan, as the Latins called him, the god of fire and patron of all who work in iron and metals, was worshipped as a benefactor. He civilized the rude manners of men by teaching them the useful arts. Prometheus, too, a sort of demigod, whom we had something about in our sixth lesson, was greatly admired for his inventiveness. Thor held a somewhat similar place in the mythology of the Scandinavians.

And yet there was a great truth in the old Hebrew story. An invention may prove to be a curse instead of a blessing. It all depends upon the moral purpose with which it is used. And this truth has a very wide application. Every new capacity or power which we acquire brings with it the possibility of greater harm. Let us deeply feel the increased responsibility that comes with every addition to our knowledge or strength.

All of these old myths were wrong in representing that tools were invented by any one man or god. They were gradually evolved through a great many generations. They were not made, they grew.

(B) The shell-heap men, the mound-men, the lake-dwelling men. What is meant by the stone, bronze, and iron ages? (C) Tool stories found in words; e. g.—willow, flax, shears.

The shell-heaps, or kitchen-middens, which we had in our last lesson are found in all quarters of the globe by the sea-shore. Some of them are very recent. They can occasionally be seen in process of formation to-day. They are simply heaps of shells and refuse thrown away near the huts of rude tribes who subsist principally on shell-fish. The people commonly called shell-

when mamma undressed her little girl to make her ready for bed. Then Leo knelt beside her little bed and repeated the prayer she had been taught, "Now, I lay me down to sleep," and "God bless papa and mamma and everybody, and make Leona a good girl." But when she had done she had done she did not rise as usual; looking up earnestly at her mother, she said, "Please, mamma, I want to pray my own prayer now." Then folding her little hands, the sweet childish voice took on an earnestness it had not shown before, as she said, "Dear Father in heaven, I thank you for making Jamie, and 'cause his mamma let him come in my yard to play. Please make lots more Jamies," and with this sincere expression of her grateful heart, and her loving recognition, that all our blessings come from the Father above, the tired, happy little girl was ready for bed and soon asleep.

Moses lay sleeping contentedly on the rug beside the princess' little bed. He too had had a happy day. I wonder if he had any way to express his thankfulness to his Creator, the same Father in heaven to which Leona prayed, for the love and companionship of his little playfellows, and for the bright, happy day he had spent. I believe he had. What do you think about it? ANNA L. PARKER.

heap men, however, lived a great many years ago. They belonged to the Neolithic or Polished Stone Age, so called because of the improvement that had been made in their tools. They were ground or polished instead of being merely chipped as with the drift and cave men. The inhabitants of Europe during this later stone age are not supposed to have been driven out like their predecessors but remained to mingle with later races. Perhaps such tribes as the Basques of northern Spain are descended from them. In America, the so-called Indian mounds give us good illustrations of these rude stone instruments. The next improvement was the use of bronze instead of stone in making tools. This brings us down pretty near to the historic period in Europe, the time of the Aryans. We shall have something about them in our eleventh lesson. After the bronze age came the age of iron. Are we in that age still? Or is ours the age of steel? Perhaps this is to be succeeded by the age of paper. Did you ever see a paper car-wheel? Wonderful things are being done with that material now. The lake-dwellers of Switzerland belonged largely to the New Stone Age. But they seem to have lived on to about the beginning of the Christian era, though they were for a time entirely forgotten and their relics not rediscovered until 1853.

For the Younger Pupils.—There is an abundance of picturesque material in this lesson. Tell the stories of Vulcan and Prometheus. Show if possible some flint arrow heads and describe the life of these primitive peoples. Make much of the lake-dwellers. Their peculiar customs of life make them specially interesting. Illustrate with pictures. Impress on the minds of the children how much manual labor has had to do with the betterment of human life and how honorable therefore it is.

For Older Classes and Teachers' Meetings.—The story of Tubal-Cain a Yahwistic fragment. Mention points in which this element represents the conservative or reactionary spirit in early Hebrew literature. To what extent do uncivilized tribes to-day probably give us a correct picture of primitive man? Were the Mound Builders of America red Indians or did they belong to a previous Race? Evidence that the Stone Age preceded the Age of Bronze, instead of the reverse. (See Pres. White in *Pop. Science Monthly* for Sept., page 585.)

For Preparation.—See Bible for Learners, chap. iv.; Clodd's "Story of Creation," chap. iv.; Fiske's "Excursions of an Evolutionist," essay on "The Arrival of Man in Europe"; Ency. Brit. on "Anthropology" and "Archæology"; also for man's first mastery and use of fire, Geiger's "Development of the Human Race," chap. ii.

Questions and Suggestions (Contributions solicited. Address H. D. Maxson, Menomonie, Wis.)

President Andrew D. White's articles in the *Popular Science Monthly* for September and October, 1890, contain valuable matter bearing on several of the lessons in this series.

Rev. Mary A. Safford calls our attention to an error in the comments on the second lesson. The hypothesis which has been quite generally approved is that the week originated in the worship of the sun, moon and five known planets, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus and Saturn.

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